



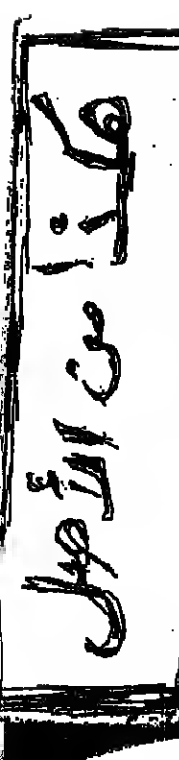






## Weidenfeld &amp; Nicolson

Illustrated (259)









## GREEN CROW CAWING

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his article "Not waiting for Godot" O'Casey says, "Beckett? I have nothing to do with Beckett. He isn't in me; nor am I in him. I am not waiting for Godot to bring me to life; I am out after life myself, even at the age I've reached." O'Casey concedes that Beckett is a clever writer and that undoubtedly he has written a "raucous and remarkable play," but he has less sympathy for Harold Pinter who has not even the quality of cleverness to recommend him. *The Birthday Party* is described by O'Casey as a "tour de force of the menace in the common word, the cliché, and the menace in the noise."

The basic criticism that O'Casey levelled against the so-called avant-garde writers and the realists was that they did not celebrate the joy of life in their writings. It is not surprising to read in the section of essays entitled "O'Casey on O'Casey" that *Cock-a-doodle-Do*, where the central figure, the cock, symbolizes the joy of life, is his favourite play. This section of articles is a valuable addition to the other comments O'Casey has made on his own plays in previous collections. The essay "From Within the Gates" is an explanation of what O'Casey was expressing in the play and why he used this particular symbolic structure and character portrayal. The following two articles, "Within the Gates" and "Within the Gates and the Church Cries to Close the Gates," show O'Casey defending himself and his rejection of realism against the literary critics and the "high stepping" of thought and deed and decency.

While O'Casey covered a wide range of topics, including a brief but notable résumé of the history of Irish literature and advice on how to cope with the problems of old age, and wrote articles for an audience that ranged from Hungary and Russia to Europe and the United States, his wit, his turn of phrase and his love of language never flagged.

Yeat, with his ideas of an fr  
No play to be performed to  
esoteric drawing room audience, w  
by no means the only dramatist  
be blasted by O'Casey. O'Casey ha  
little sympathy for the upholders  
the Theatre of the Absurd or the  
Theatre of Cruelty. He condemne  
their pessimistic view of life and the  
relationships portrayed of human rel  
tionships; he did not see the worl  
populated with "Bald Primaqueer  
or with men waiting for Godot.

**1966 PRIZE WINNERS**

*Peter Elbow* (Graduate Student, Brandeis University): "Two Boethian Speeches and Chaucerian Irony in *Troilus and Criseyde*"

*Warner Berthoff* (Bryn Mawr College): "The Study of Literature and the Recovery of the Historical"

**HONORABLE MENTION**

*A. D. Van Nostrand* (Brown University): "The Lay of Paterson"

*James E. Breslin* (University of California, Berkeley): "Whitman and the Early Development of

William Carlos Williams"

Scholars, critics, and writers interested in attending the 1967 session should apply to the Secretary of the English Institute: Professor Paul Fussell, Department of English, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey, 08901, U.S.A.

tion makes some sense. There is, by modern criteria, a hierarchy of educational ideas that can be fitted into this system. It also accords, in some degree, with the level of resources available at different stages of education: "contemporary" child-unbrinzling

...ology he finds equally num-  
... and whose much-quoted  
... "climax" in *Love's Tragedy*  
... as "a preposterous fusilian"  
... the final chapters of his book  
... Professor Dowds describes the

meridian of Joseph Conrad, seeing "The Captain's Death-Bed" sandwiched between Hazlitt and Lockhart in the list of contents, the reader will not expect to attend the obsequies of Sir John Falstaff.

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FROM BOOKSELLERS

Published by Dent, 11, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1

## MAGNULOQUENT HOUSES

DOROTHY STROUD's *Henry Holland* and Mark Girouard's study of Robert Smythson, two books within the same general field, appear together with deceptively similar outside, from the same publishing house. Each is well documented and copiously illustrated (though the block-making is not all it should be for the price, and the photographs themselves are occasionally poor). Yet the two books are remarkably different in their quality, their character and their approach to the problems and opportunities of architectural history. Miss Stroud is selling in now as a biographer in ordinary to the architectural profession in the later eighteenth century. Her new book is very like her previous ones: there is of course a suitable change in factual details, but the move from Brown to Repton and now to Holland has not led to any change in her methods or interests. She remains a patient and thorough digger-out of facts, which, sorted into approximate chronological order, are then put on the page for the reader to make what he can of them. Unfortunately Miss Stroud seems unable to tell the difference between important and unimportant details, or even between those that are in themselves interesting and those that are not. She has a mind not discriminating enough in its care for particulars to allow a comprehensive grasp of her subject; she is not sufficient of a critic to be a good historian. In consequence, her account of what can be established of Holland's life is pedantic, her descriptions of buildings mechanical and dull: the reader will almost certainly forget what he has read as soon as he puts the book down.

It might be argued that the subject itself is a middling one. Holland's reputation, like that of some greater men, has suffered from the loss of several of his most important buildings. It may be that if Carlton House or the two theatres had survived more than a few years, Holland would be as respected and well known as, say, Chambers. He was an undeniably skilful house-planner, as Miss Stroud shows in the case of the nearly unmanageable confusion of the creation of Carlton House; even from what little remains of Hans Town we can see that he was a fairly imaginative town planner as well. His interest in neo-classicism, which again would be sooner appreciated if we could see Carlton House or the East India Office, marks him out as in one respect a forerunner, though characteristically he does not seem to have followed up this interest very keenly. (On this issue Miss Stroud at last writes briefly as an historian, inquiring into the likely effects of his visit to Paris.) And Dover House shows him in close touch with contemporary French architecture. But the overall impression remains that Holland was an able camp-follower rather than an artist of original genius. His work is always refined, delicate, exquisitely finished and a bit bloodless. In these respects it is like a good deal of the later eighteenth century: it is not likely to arouse great enthusiasm; but it does make admirable background architecture of the kind that every town needs in great quantity.

The limited range of Holland's architecture might indeed have suggested that the full four-guinea treatment somewhat overdoes his subject. For Holland's straightforward career and exemplary but uneventful life were neither of them of a kind to provoke wider speculations—for example into the effects of politics on cultural fashions in a field in which the early eighteenth century gives great room for manoeuvre—or into the relations of architect and patron, which make so continuously fascinating a counterpoint in Dr. Girouard's study. The central subject of his book is indeed strikingly different from that of Miss Stroud's. Next to nothing is known of Smythson's life, and nothing at all of his personal qualities. The catalogue of his architectural achievement has to be built up by following tenuous threads of evidence, by analogy, supposition, even guesswork. As a result of Dr. Girouard's researches, it can now be regarded as certain that Robert Smythson was

the designer of the great houses at Wollaton, Worsley and Burton Agnes, and the principal designer of the final Longleat. From these certainties to which should be added the evidence of a number of apparently unused plans in the R.I.B.A. collection of Smythson drawings which Dr. Girouard edited four years ago and from the few known facts of his life and acquaintance, Dr. Girouard has been able to argue for Smythson's highly probable authorship of a number of notable houses scattered over the North and North Midlands. Naturally the evidence is not always equally compelling. But it is enough to justify the claim that Dr. Girouard makes in conclusion: "Smythson is one of the great geniuses of English architecture."

To have established so much for a figure who was previously so dim is a truly remarkable achievement. It should be said plainly that Dr. Girouard's book is not simply unmissable in its particular field; it is one of the most lively, stimulating and suggestive books in the whole of English architectural historiography. The book is itself a process of discovery, as the author argues his case, inviting the reader to weigh the evidence, leading but never dragging into acceptance of firm or tentative conclusions. The analysis of the building and design of Longleat in this respect especially fascinating and wholly convincing, a splendid instance of a critically perceptive observation working together with an accurate analytical assessment of established historical facts. Dr. Girouard is a very good architectural critic. He is really keen on his field but not by enthusiasm into indiscriminate adulation. Indeed the enthusiastic reader may catch at times the tone of too insistently moral reproof. At the end of his book Dr. Girouard admits that "Wollaton, for all its originality, is a repulsive building. Hardwick, for all its magic, is a monument of ostentation and pride." Is this exactly the note on which to leave Smythson—or Hardwick, which earlier is rightly called "the supreme triumph of Elizabethan architecture"? But the impression given at the end is cautionary rather than negative. The grandeur of Hardwick and the rest has already made itself too strongly and vividly felt for this conclusion to be more than a qualifying definition of position on Dr. Girouard's part as a critic living and writing at a given moment in history.

The full title of the book is a matter of some moment. Dr. Girouard does not in truth dismiss all Elizabethan architecture: in particular a more direct confrontation with the self-consciously French modernism of some southern houses might have served to set off Smythson's genius yet more vividly. But his range of reference is impressively wide. We are very much in the Elizabethan era; for Dr. Girouard, as well as providing a comprehensive introduction to those aspects of Elizabethan life and culture which bear directly on the architecture, keeps us in touch, through vignettes of patrons and others, with the life that was lived in these houses, the peculiar functions they may have been designed to perform, the whole context of their creation. He shows himself comfortably at home in at least one field of Elizabethan literature, though his neglect of others (for the straightforward reason that they are not directly relevant) leads to generalizations about "the Elizabethans" which are too sweeping and inclusive. The picture of the typical rich landowner of the time as a simple-minded Protestant grudge-inflated with a sense of his own importance is doubtless near the mark in many cases: "the great Elizabethan houses were built, not because their owners had a passion for architecture, but because they wished to demonstrate their wealth and their position." But one suspects that the Elizabethans were as mixed a bunch as most other generations, and as easily led: the magniloquent houses are simply those that most insistently and successfully strive for our attention. The "monstrous flamboyance" of Wollaton was extravagant even in its own age, as much the product, as Dr. Girouard shows, of its mid-patron as of its architect or its period; yet even here Smythson's work is that of a strikingly if perversely employed genius.

For his part, Dr. Girouard, with no intellectual training yet many local interests, by influences he could not control and did not understand. Instead, from the late Gothic of the Midlands and West Country, from his own Longleat, from the great layouts of France, from the great layouts of the Low Countries, he selected, adapted, and integrated until in the end he produced what his client required: a building that was at once a magniloquent, every bit as resplendent and ornamental as the most expensive Elizabethan country seat, an original, one of those "ingenious devices," which the age pursued with such enthusiasm, in literature and the arts; and a fantasy, an early expression of a new romantic imagination, which was to show itself in many ways, from Philip Sidney throwing off his gaiters at the battle of Zutphen to Lord Pembroke and his friends dining at Ludlow in the dress and with the names of the knights of the Round Table.

The picture is hazy, and it is not surprising that Elizabethan architecture has come in for some rough knocks and that much of it still strikes us today as unbearably ostentatious. Yet at its best, when we get away from the bullying effects of overwhelming size and the barbarous confusion of unrelated and half-understood importations that characterize such a house as Burghley, it has a sense of swaggering vitality and grandeur that virtually no later English buildings except Vanbrugh's successfully aspire to (and those in a very different way, associated miraculously with lightness, delicacy and poise. At its greatest, as Dr. Girouard says of Wollaton Lodge, Elizabethan architecture is balanced "on a single pin-point of creative intensity—incapably simple, effortlessly beautiful." Furthermore it was an architecture which was exclusively English.

No style can be a virgin birth, uninfused by what has happened before or what is happening at the same time. Elizabethan architecture at its best is not an undigested mixture, but a true synthesis, a style in its own right. . . for twenty supreme years houses were being built all over England of which we can justly be proud, for not only were they of the greatest daring and beauty, but they were, as no house has been since, unique to England.

The Englishness of Hardwick was first pointed out by Professor Pevsner, who also drew attention to the relationship of such a design to the equally English development of Gothic that we call Perpendicular. It has been left to Dr. Girouard to show that the "perpendicularity" of the great Elizabethan houses and their particular and haunting sense of drama—the qualities that make them uniquely English—are essentially the creation of Smythson and those associated with him.

A Smythson house seems to call out for a hill-top. Who could ever forget the first distant view of Hardwick, with its towers flashing in the evening sun. Dr. Girouard, looking across the city mark of Nottingham from his car, like some immense and unlikely heraldic bird? Bold grouping, deep recession, soaring height, evenhanded silhouette: among the glowering and amazing group of Smythson houses there is none that is without one or other of these attributes. Dr. Girouard discusses all these houses in plenty of detail but always with a lively sense of how they strike the beholder. His longest account of all is paradoxically given to Bolsover, a house of less clear merit than some others and one that is largely the work of Robert Smythson's son John. The smaller houses and doubtful attributions get less space; but some of these must necessarily come as new discoveries. How few, even of those already interested in this field, know Wootton Lodge, one of the most hauntingly beautiful of all English houses. How many fewer must know Manor Lodge at Worsley, which does not even appear in Professor Pevsner's *Northamptonshire*. There is one house whose absence from the book is surprising. This is Moreton Corbet Castle, the magnificent ruin of which is dated 1579—that is, only a year before Wollaton was begun and at a time when Smythson was still to some extent involved in Longleat. Yet the house as a whole has the dramatic appeal of the Smythson houses, and the details of windows and orders are temptingly like those of Longleat. The completed Longleat, but only of the completed Longleat, is also of a Smythson house usually associated with Longleat. Though North Shropshire might be just within Smythson's area of operations and the left-Wiltshire, the date obviously makes for difficulties.

the gable form is of it not found in Smythson's treated work, and when Smythson made a crude use of the house in 1627 (111) to have made no mention of any previous construction. Yet who else in 1579 have produced so dramatic a so simple a design?

By contrast Dr. Girouard's vision pushes his method of action by analogy too hard. It is not his authorship of the Hallford-in-Avon depends on the clarity of his porch to that of this, this is something we should give up; for the details in the are outweighed by the detail (The porch is, on the other closer to those of Wootton Fountains—neither of which documentarily proved to be Smythson's). In the case of Ashdown in Lincolnshire, Dr. Girouard's claim for John Smythson as the stylistic grounds which would of 1951 with Cornwall—200 odd pages of English print. Since then the series—now, after occasional alarms for its future but secured by the generosity of the Guinness and Leverhulme trusts, and the determination of the publishers, nearly three-quarters of the way to completion, has steadily grown in scope, depth, range of interest and authority. The later volumes are much more spacious, much more detailed and show the results of a much more thorough research. To say this is not to belittle the quality or the visionary daring of sixteen years ago. That was a time when the serious architectural guidebook was more or less unknown in this country. The first Pevsner volume was preceded in 1948 by John Betjeman's and John Piper's *Murray's Guide to Buckinghamshire*, whose gazetteer must have been the first English guide to tell us the names of any but the most popularly known architects or to mention approvingly anything built after 1837. This book, excellently illustrated, very lively and full of perky idiosyncrasies, was not, however, a piece of reverence: and of its type it has had very few successors.

The astonishing advance since the war in our general knowledge—and it is to be hoped—our understanding of the architectural history of England is not, of course, due to Professor Pevsner alone, or even to the type of research which his series represents. On the opposite page we carry a review of two books of architectural historiography of a different kind: because they are lavishly, quite expensive and make something of a display, such books tend to be mockingly assigned to the coffee table. Certainly they are nice things to pick up and gaze at. But—various as their merits may be—they are not really for the casual, who glance at the pictures and require no more text than a name and a few catchy phrases. If their price inevitably keeps most people from seeing them except in libraries, the general interest—public indirectly benefits from the spread of knowledge that they bring. When a new edition of *Northamptonshire* is called for, Professor Pevsner will doubtless include Manor Lodge at Worsley; when his *Staffordshire* comes out, he will perhaps relate Wootton Lodge to the other Smythson houses in the light of Dr. Girouard's discoveries.

The research incorporated into *The Buildings of England* is of two kinds, which may be called historical and topographical. Both are essential to its success. Without the work of the historians and biographers we should have no more than quantities of unrelated facts. But without the topographical inquiries we should have no facts at all. The credit for the discovery of these goes in the first place to the armies of often anonymous workers who are responsible for the range of local writings from the pamphlet in the church to the *Victoria County Histories*. But behind each volume lies also the crucial work of Professor Pevsner's own team, of whom the users of his books may be hardly aware, though he himself always pays generous tribute. Each volume in fact is the product of a vast and heterogeneous collecting and analysing of facts, the credit for which must go jointly to many workers of many different interests and capacities. The presidential

genius of Professor Pevsner is as both catalyst and final interpreter.

*The Buildings of England* is a great work of synthetic scholarship. But great works of scholarship are not usually best-sellers. It is a very remarkable fact about this series that a collection which has established itself as an indispensable work of reference for scholars has all the marks of a real popular success: something which may also be said of that other great Penguin work of artistic scholarship, the *Pelican History of Art*, where again we owe something inestimable to Professor Pevsner. The tourist or the simple traveller in England today who wants to give more than a casual glance to his surroundings has a much more interesting choice of books to consult than the tourist of twenty years ago. Many people may find the brisker and chattier summaries in the *Shell Guide* more accessible than the detailed assessments of Professor Pevsner, more quickly suggestive of how much there is to see. Many will feel they need both (and a *Murray* if there is one). But what a change the scene shows since the time when all we had were the minuscule scraps of information in the *Blue Guides* or the grudging verbiage of Arthur Mee! Not long ago there was hardly a country in western Europe that was not better served than England. Now it is probable that no country in the world has its buildings so well documented and presented in a form so readily at hand to the whole educated and interested public. It is not only the devoted student of architecture to whom the relevant volume of *The Buildings of England* is as essential a companion in his travels as a good map. And even those who do not use or know their Pevsner at first hand will benefit immeasurably from his work and that of his peers and colleagues. Not only is it a quarry for all future guidebooks; it is thanks to the researches of a band of men and women of whom Professor Pevsner has become something of a symbol that information and understanding of that were once the possession of a small group of specialists are now at hand for all who care for them.

Francisco R. Adrados

Facultad de Filosofía y Letras, Ciudad Universitaria, Madrid

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not found in Smythson's treated work, and when Smythson made a crude use of the house in 1627 (111) to have made no mention of any previous construction. Yet who else in 1579 have produced so dramatic a so simple a design?

By contrast Dr. Girouard's vision pushes his method of action by analogy too hard. It is not his authorship of the Hallford-in-Avon depends on the clarity of his porch to that of this, this is something we should give up; for the details in the are outweighed by the detail (The porch is, on the other closer to those of Wootton Fountains—neither of which documentarily proved to be Smythson's). In the case of Ashdown in Lincolnshire, Dr. Girouard's claim for John Smythson as the stylistic grounds which would of 1951 with Cornwall—200 odd pages of English print. Since then the series—now, after occasional alarms for its future but secured by the generosity of the Guinness and Leverhulme trusts, and the determination of the publishers, nearly three-quarters of the way to completion, has steadily grown in scope, depth, range of interest and authority. The later volumes are much more spacious, much more detailed and show the results of a much more thorough research. To say this is not to belittle the quality or the visionary daring of sixteen years ago. That was a time when the serious architectural guidebook was more or less unknown in this country. The first Pevsner volume was preceded in 1948 by John Betjeman's and John Piper's *Murray's Guide to Buckinghamshire*, whose gazetteer must have been the first English guide to tell us the names of any but the most popularly known architects or to mention approvingly anything built after 1837. This book, excellently illustrated, very lively and full of perky idiosyncrasies, was not, however, a piece of reverence: and of its type it has had very few successors.

The astonishing advance since the war in our general knowledge—and it is to be hoped—our understanding of the architectural history of England is not, of course, due to Professor Pevsner alone, or even to the type of research which his series represents. On the opposite page we carry a review of two books of architectural historiography of a different kind: because they are lavishly, quite expensive and make something of a display, such books tend to be mockingly assigned to the coffee table. Certainly they are nice things to pick up and gaze at. But—various as their merits may be—they are not really for the casual, who glance at the pictures and require no more text than a name and a few catchy phrases. If their price inevitably keeps most people from seeing them except in libraries, the general interest—public indirectly benefits from the spread of knowledge that they bring. When a new edition of *Northamptonshire* is called for, Professor Pevsner will doubtless include Manor Lodge at Worsley; when his *Staffordshire* comes out, he will perhaps relate Wootton Lodge to the other Smythson houses in the light of Dr. Girouard's discoveries.

The research incorporated into *The Buildings of England* is of two kinds, which may be called historical and topographical. Both are essential to its success. Without the work of the historians and biographers we should have no more than quantities of unrelated facts. But without the topographical inquiries we should have no facts at all. The credit for the discovery of these goes in the first place to the armies of often anonymous workers who are responsible for the range of local writings from the pamphlet in the church to the *Victoria County Histories*. But behind each volume lies also the crucial work of Professor Pevsner's own team, of whom the users of his books may be hardly aware, though he himself always pays generous tribute. Each volume in fact is the product of a vast and heterogeneous collecting and analysing of facts, the credit for which must go jointly to many workers of many different interests and capacities. The presidential

genius of Professor Pevsner is as both catalyst and final interpreter.

*The Buildings of England* is a great work of synthetic scholarship. But great works of scholarship are not usually best-sellers. It is a very remarkable fact about this series that a collection which has established itself as an indispensable work of reference for scholars has all the marks of a real popular success: something which may also be said of that other great Penguin work of artistic scholarship, the *Pelican History of Art*, where again we owe something inestimable to Professor Pevsner. The tourist or the simple traveller in England today who wants to give more than a casual glance to his surroundings has a much more interesting choice of books to consult than the tourist of twenty years ago. Many people may find the brisker and chattier summaries in the *Shell Guide* more accessible than the detailed assessments of Professor Pevsner, more quickly suggestive of how much there is to see. Many will feel they need both (and a *Murray* if there is one). But what a change the scene shows since the time when all we had were the minuscule scraps of information in the *Blue Guides* or the grudging verbiage of Arthur Mee! Not long ago there was hardly a country in western Europe that was not better served than England. Now it is probable that no country in the world has its buildings so well documented and presented in a form so readily at hand to the whole educated and interested public. It is not only the devoted student of architecture to whom the relevant volume of *The Buildings of England* is as essential a companion in his travels as a good map. And even those who do not use or know their Pevsner at first hand will benefit immeasurably from his work and that of his peers and colleagues. Not only is it a quarry for all future guidebooks; it is thanks to the researches of a band of men and women of whom Professor Pevsner has become something of a symbol that information and understanding of that were once the possession of a small group of specialists are now at hand for all who care for them.

Francisco R. Adrados

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Sir—Any reader who might think it worth while to glance back at the letters from Mr. M. I. Finley and myself printed in your last four issues would easily see which of us has misrepresented the

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## NAZIS AND AUSTRIA

DIETER RUSS: *Hitler und Dollfuß. Die deutsche Österreich-Politik 1933-1934.* 341 pp. Hamburg: Lohmeyer Verlag. DM.25.

not afford, for military reasons, to interest herself in Austria. To Hahlich on April 18 he made it clear that this was only temporary.

ness on April 19 as a surrender to the German Foreign Office, whose officials were, as he points out, friendly to Austria after the Cisleithanian Union squabble in 1931 and other slaves. But there was nothing there about this "surrender". Hitler was a brilliant opportunist and he learned to be patient until Germany was armed. Indeed the surrender meant as little that when Hitler met Mussolini in Venice in June he returned to his earlier programme for Austria, demanding elections there and a change of Government. On his return he told Rosenberg that Mussolini seemed acquiescent.

Dr. Ross does illustrate the extraordinary intrigue and backstairs maneuvering that entangled the whole Austrian question; as usual the unfolding story is by and for the reader's eye and ear. What he does not tell us is whether the massacre of June 30 in Germany had repercussions among the Austrian Nazis, though he suggests that it must have done so.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS: *An Illustrated History of Germany*. Translated from the French by Stephen Hardman. 296pp. Bodley Head. £5 10s.

An interesting point to which Dr. Ruvé draws attention is that the Italian military attaché in Vienna in this period was Fickert, a Nazi sympathiser. Thus Mussolini's attitude even at the time of the Runcie Protocol was not as uncompromising as the policy of Montecarlo, his President. Attaché in Vienna, who paid this Heimwehr, might have led one to expect.

**SCREENED**

*History of Germany.* Translated from German. 296pp. Bodley Head. £5 10s.

discarding is essential and the method of discarding often works quite well. By and large M. Mairiaux's book is extremely enjoyable and its education must be despised. A few notes on further reading would have compensated for the chief omission.

**HIM WE  
DECLARE**

MAX BROO: *Der Prager Kreis*. 214pp. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer.

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